

lines, handed out sandwiches, cooled  
drinks, and in every way possible cheer-  
ed the men who in spite of all were  
weary and worn when the band  
came and the great parade was over.  
It was a great parade, but nearly 50,000  
short of being the greatest parade in  
the history of the organization. Boston  
15 years ago, or Washington 14 years  
ago saw more Grand Army veterans in  
line than were in Minneapolis, all those  
any day last week. The tale was 60,000  
in Boston and fully 50,000 in Washing-  
ton, and the day had far passed before  
the parade ended in either city, hour  
and hours of marching men, blowing  
of cannon, beating of drums, blare of  
trumpets, and men—just a handful of  
men whose shining silver locks and  
bent shoulders tell the cruel tale of  
time's relentless pressure on life's foam.

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